

WESTERN PEOPLE

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SAILING, SAILING

THE OLYMPICS ARE JUST AROUND THE CORNER

WESTERN PEOPLE

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The Great Calling

It's nothing that can be taught — motherhood and its long journey complete with valleys and peaks and unforeseen adventures.

Once a year we celebrate, salute our mothers and their blessed journeys praying that a broken heart does not present itself upon a woman embracing motherhood —

the great calling lighting a woman's face.

— Ronald Kurt

COVER PHOTO

Kelly Hand (dark hair) coaches a student at the St. Margaret's Bay Boat Club. Photo by Karen Pauls. Story, page 4.

Unsolicited manuscripts are welcome

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Dear Reader

So you want to write a PhD thesis. Putting aside (for now) the requirement of actually being a PhD candidate, your first order of business will be to select a topic. What do you want to write about? Here, to get the juices flowing, is the title of a real thesis:

A Concurrency Control Architecture For Scalable Massively Parallel Shared-Nothing Database Machines.

Is that perfect or what? While it contains primarily simple words, it is impossibly dense. So you can write whatever you want about parallel shared-nothings, and no one will be the wiser.

The tricky part will be the oral defense of your thesis before a panel of chrome-domes who might think they know something about concurrency and all the rest of it. Well, they don't. And since you don't either, it's just a matter of who falls asleep first during your presentation. Hint: it had better not be you. And if, as planned, it's the panel that's catching 40 winks, take along a good novel to keep yourself occupied.

While our best and brightest are packed away in the ivory towers thinking up titles for PhD theses (The Use Of Feed-Forward Back-Propagation Neural Network Models In Road Traffic Parameter Prediction), here we sit, living lives of quiet desperation while truly

useful areas of study are continually passed over. They are devising Methodologies To Overcome Problems In Automating Parallel System Implementation and all we want is peace in the Middle East, or failing that, the location of a good Thai restaurant. They are looking into Laterality Of Manual And Pedal Activity In Captive Chimpanzees and we want to know why Chris Carpenter of the Blue Jays can't get batters out. They're studying Spatial Relational Learning And Foraging In Cotton-Top Tamarins and we want to know when it's going to rain.

Michael Gillgannon

WESTERN PEOPLE



Gerri and Dierdre Stewart (front row, middle) and Frances (back row, second from right), at Crystal Springs School.

The fire

Memory By Gerri Stewart

Fire is a word that can strike terror in the hearts of young and old alike. As children, we were warned to take care with the wood and coal stoves that heated our homes. We were aware from an early age to be careful with the pioneer sources of light, oil lamps and lanterns. But there was one source of fire that our parents could not control—bush fire.

These fires were sometimes caused by a lightning strike, but more often by a brush fire that got away from a settler attempting to clear land of trees.

In 1925, we three children almost lost our lives in a bush fire. It was a day in late June—a terribly hot day. There had been no rain for weeks and the countryside was like a tinder box. There were many potholes and swampy places lying between the hills in our area with years of matted grasses. Coarse swamp grasses accumulated around the base of the hills and there were groves of tall spruce trees with massive branches. These same trees seemed to a child to reach up to the sky.

When we were out playing at recess, the sky seemed very hazy and there was an acrid smell in the air. The teacher had been checking the situation from time to time, going to the door and looking worriedly at the children sitting quietly in their desks. At 3:30 p.m., she dismissed school and said "Go straight home, children, as quickly as possible," and with these instructions we started out. Fran was 15, Dee, 11 and I was nine.

Fran was very protective of us and hustled us along our route across a quarter of "breaking"

over several small hills and down the buffalo path that began our three-mile walk home.

The air became smokier and smokier as we trudged along and Dee and Fran each had one of my hands to hurry me along. They could see I was getting tired.

We were about halfway home when the wind started up and a cloud of smoke came rolling over the hill just ahead of us. We kept struggling along and climbed the hill to see better. Not too far away a line of spruce trees was blazing high into the sky. The heat was terrific and the fire created a wind that roared up through these huge trees.

Fran took each of our hands. "We have to go back as fast as we can" she cried and held on to us as we raced back down the hill. I remember being frightened and feeling the fire was running after me.

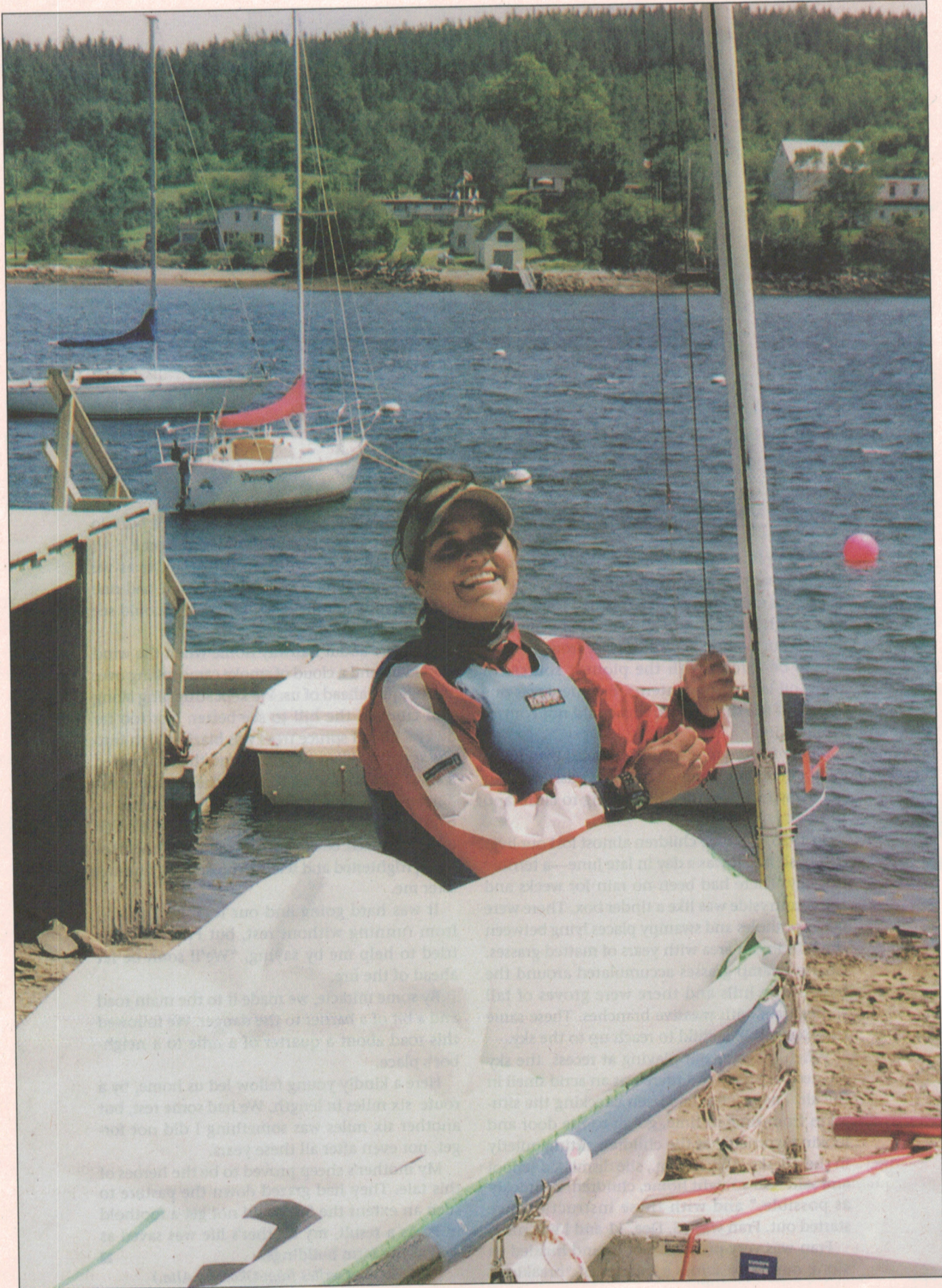
It was hard going and our legs were aching from running without rest, but Fran and Dee tried to help me by saying, "We'll soon be far ahead of the fire."

By some miracle, we made it to the main road and a bit of a barrier to the danger. We followed this road about a quarter of a mile to a neighbor's place.

Here a kindly young fellow led us home, by a route six miles in length. We had some rest, but another six miles was something I did not forget, not even after all these years.

My mother's sheep proved to be the heroes of this tale. They had grazed down the pasture to such an extent the fire could not get a foothold in it. As a result, my mother's life was saved as well as the farm buildings.

(Gerri Stewart writes from Okotoks, Alta.)



Karen Pauls

Driving into Carman, Man., motorists are greeted with a sign announcing that this is the home of NHL goalie Eddie "The Eagle" Belfour, 1999 Stanley Cup champion. But now Belfour has some competition for the hearts of Carman residents.

She's 25-year-old Kelly Hand, world-class sailor. Hand now has her own sign on the highways leading into town. It reads: "Carman's own Kelly Hand: 'Live your dreams.'"

"I was so embarrassed when I saw that this spring when I came home from Europe," Hand says, her face flushing. "I wanted to go out and see people, but I ended up staying home the first day because I was so embarrassed."

Carman is a long way from where Hand spends most of her time now. When she's not training and coaching in countries all over the world, you can find her at the St. Margaret's Bay Boat Club, just west of Halifax along Nova Scotia's South Shore. That's where she's coaching the woman representing Canada in the single-handed sailing class at the 2000 Olympics, Vancouver's Beth Calkin.

Hand had a good shot at representing Canada in Sydney. She's been sailing since she was three. She won the World Youth Sailing Championships in Italy and the Canada Games in 1993. In 1997, she won the Canadian championship for single-handed women's sailing. But it was really last summer that pushed her to a new level of competition.

She won the Laser Radial world sailing championships in France last July, and then went on to win a gold medal at the Pan Am games in Winnipeg.

"I peaked too late. It happened too late for me," Hand says of the Sydney Olympics.

"By the time I had been through third year university, people were gearing for the Olympic trials in Sydney. Beth qualified in January, and I only

For sail

Kelly Hand will be in Australia coaching Canada's Olympic sailors

won the world championships in July. It was too late for me this time but it was OK because I spent this year coaching."

Hand says it's actually all part of her plan to balance her life, while simultaneously improving her sailing skills.

"In 1996, after I didn't qualify for the Olympics in Atlanta, I said I was not going to sail again until I have a degree because I felt if I lost a regatta, it was everything to me. It was not healthy. I had to take a breather."

That year, Hand was accepted at Dalhousie University in Halifax, but took her foundation year studies at the University of King's College, which is on the same downtown campus. From there, she decided to take the Contemporary Studies Program, which focuses on modern theory, philosophy and history — "all the things I'm not good at."

"But I'm working at my weaknesses and I'm really enjoying my degree," she says.

"The most interesting thing about going to university is that I've become a better sailor. The concepts, the tactics and the physics of the wind and the sails, are kind of intangible and you have to wrap your brain around strange concepts. That's a lot like the philosophy I do at Kings, so I think that's been critical to my development as an athlete, funnily enough."

Hand believes that will benefit her in the next Summer Olympics, which will be held in Athens in 2004. She says many of the best sailors in the world spent time watching and coaching oth-

ers. And Hand will have one of the best seats in the house to do that in Sydney. She's just been named one of the four coaches for the Canadian team, and will be travelling with them to Australia.

"That's phenomenal. It's the most exciting thing I can think of," she says.

"I wish I was racing, but I'm thankful for the opportunity of watching an event like this. It'll be amazing when I come back as an athlete because I'll have this in my bag of tricks."

Hand will be in Australia until October. After that, she plans to return to Halifax to finish her degree. At the same time, however, she'll be gearing up for a push to the 2004 Olympics. It will start with a program of coaching, scheduling and fund raising. Hand must raise \$250,000 to cover her living expenses, training and equipment for the next four years. She plans to approach the corporate sector to top up the money she's getting from Sport Canada.

"I have a goal and a mission and I want to take this as far as I can and see where it leads," she says. "It's hard to ask people to invest in my dream and my vision, but I hope to make it worth it, to try to help other athletes and young women."

Hand looks out over St. Margaret's Bay, where a team of young sailors are battling the wind and waves. As Hand prepares to join them, she says she's inspired by many of the people she's been coaching in the last year. They've helped remind her what she loves about sailing.

"I get on the water and I'm blasting down waves, and the spray is in my face, and I'm actually getting air off some waves. The things that happen to me on the boat and the way I can manoeuvre the boat around the waves and it takes off on me and I reel it back in. Or I dump and I'm bobbing in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean, and it's so totally exciting every day I'm out there."

"It's an addiction. It's a hobby. That's why I love it," she says as she pulls her boat into the water.

"When I'm an Olympic athlete in 2004, that's all I have to remember. All I have to do is go out there and try hard and have fun."

← **Kelly Hand on sailing: "It's an addiction. It's a hobby. That's why I love it."**

The Banff of old

History by Val Strickland

Banff once consisted of just over a dozen buildings, stretched along one dusty street, including two hotels, three stores and a livery stable. Great mountains towered all around it and winter snows isolated the town from late fall to late spring. But as the Banff Springs Hotel grew, stone by stone, the townsite started to provide services and facilities for its visitors.

By 1900, Banff boasted no less than five hotels, dozens of shops and excellent recreational outlets for a variety of interests.

The Banff Springs Hotel, which opened in 1881, was four storeys high and made of wood, with pointed dormers and corner turrets, giving the building a romantic and medieval air. The largest hotel in the world at the time, its interior was dominated by a huge glass-covered octagonal rotunda, which served as the main lobby.

Many of the first guests of the hotel were wealthy Canadian socialites and Americans and Europeans looking for comfort and sumptuous elegance. One of the earliest was Lady Agnes Macdonald, wife of Canada's prime minister.

By the beginning of the 20th century, it was apparent that the Banff Springs Hotel had become one of the top mountain resorts in North America and was turning away large numbers of people for lack of accommodation. Extensive additions increased the space.

On April 6, 1926, fire broke out in the north wing of the hotel and in a matter of hours, much of the building was a pile of smoldering debris.

A budget of \$2 million was quickly allocated by CP Rail for the repair and construction of a new hotel and the old Tudor building was replaced in sections, as business continued in the other blocks. Completed and opened in 1928, it stands unaltered to this day. Built of local granite, it offered stupendous luxury, with the royal suites having dining rooms, a large reception room, kitchens and several bedrooms.

This started the most exciting era the Banff Springs had ever known. It went from "sumptuous" to "extravagant" with many visitors arriving with letters of credit worth \$50,000 earmarked for a 60- to 90-day stay.

A special elevator was installed to handle the huge steamer trunks that arrived daily, allowing men and women to dress in the highest fashion.

Climbing, fishing, canoeing, golf and tennis were popular activities. Concerts, Banff Indian Days, the Banff Highland Gathering and the Scottish Musical Festival were events that drew large crowds.

Benny Goodman was a guest at the hotel, as was Mickey Rooney. Edward, Prince of Wales, spent time in Banff on his tour of Canada and caused many a flutter in the hearts of the local



Val Strickland

young ladies. In May 1939, George VI and Queen Elizabeth had the entire hotel to themselves for two days, on their transcontinental tour. With them was Prime Minister Mackenzie King, making the most awesome triumvirate ever to visit the area.

In 1940, the impact of the Second World War was felt throughout Canada and in 1942 the hotel closed its doors for the duration. Upon reopening after the war, life had changed and so had the clientele.

The hotel owes its beginnings to the Canadian Railway Bill, passed on Feb. 15, 1881. This bill guaranteed CP government support to the tune of \$25 million. Also included in the agreement were large land grants, a 20-year monopoly trade and freedom from taxes on all holdings in perpetuity.

As CP Rail spread its tracks from the Maritime provinces to British Columbia, it became necessary to construct facilities to feed and support the trains and their cargoes. It was from this need that the grandiose hotels arose.

William Cornelious Van Horne, a former superintendent of the Chicago, Mil-

waukee and St. Paul Railroad, moved to Canada to become CP Rail's general manager. A hefty man, equally comfortable playing all-night poker with railway workers or enjoying his world-famous collection of Japanese porcelain, he dreamt of a system of luxury hotels, built to command the most scenic views in the Rocky and Selkirk mountains and with facilities of unparalleled luxury for the discerning traveller.

The beginning of this dream was a series of smaller hotels in such places as Field and Rogers Pass. At the same time, three young railway workers set out on a prospecting trip in the area, looking for gold.

They selected a rather insignificant looking mountain in the Bow Valley, which appeared to have some hopeful geological signs, and after rafting across the Bow River, discovered a stream that was unusually warm to the touch. Curious, they followed the water to its source, where the rotten-egg odor of sulphur filled the air, becoming stronger and stronger, until they reached an ominous opening in the ground, leading to a small cave and a warm, emerald-green pool.

A gold mine of a very different kind

had been found, for sulphur waters were believed to cure a multitude of ailments. Being businessmen, the young prospectors mentioned their find to a few others and soon word of the discovery became common knowledge.

Out in the forefront was the Canadian government, which saw an opportunity to help support the new railway and ease the pressures upon the thin strands of Confederation. A decision to develop tourist resorts in the area would assure ongoing revenues for the railway and help the treasury.

Twenty-five kilometres of land were set aside around the springs in November 1885. Two years later the territory became known as Rocky Mountain Park.

Van Horne commissioned designs for the Banff Springs Hotel, larger and grander than any before it, to be built at the confluence of the Spray and Bow Rivers in the newly established park.

By the mid-'60s, the hotel catered almost exclusively to conventions, bus tours and group travel. In 1969, it became an all-year resort, offering some of the best skiing in the country.

Today, more than a century later, the hotel remains a Canadian landmark. ■

Memory by Leah Cann

Small brown eyes shine from a fuzzy face. A friend, a comfort, he symbolizes precious memories of a very special woman.

She was not the stereotypical mother-in-law. Maybe she never got the material or studied the guidelines. She never interfered, never criticized and on occasion allowed that her baby boy, my husband, was ever so slightly flawed.

Our relationship blossomed after I had my first child, her first grandson in almost a dozen years. Her maiden name, Creed, is his given name and he has her gentle, cautious nature. They were devoted to each other: Nanny's blue eyes sparkled when she saw him and her endless patience wrapped him in love. I can still hear her chant as she put on his shoes, "Shoe the old horsey, shoe the old mare, let little Creed go bare, bare, bare."

We thought we'd have her longer. The women in her family have been long-lived. Nanny died in January,

Nanny's bear

1999, six months before our daughter was born. Unlike Nanny, who buried a daughter and granddaughter together, a young husband and her parents, I hadn't experienced loss. I admire her strength now, having lost a friend and also a grandmother for my children. A woman who loved my son with the same unqualified love I feel for him. A woman who would have laughed till she cried at how our little girl's hair stands straight on end.

We've tried hard to keep her memory alive in our son's heart and to let our daughter know her. I collected remembrances from her house and we often speak of things she said and did, but a fuzzy brown bear became the best memento of all.

Nanny wore her fur coat for evenings out and to walk in the coldest weather. As we went through her things, none of us felt we would use the coat. My sister-in-law suggested we have it made into teddy bears, one for each family.

Chocolate brown with warm, dark eyes, he's a fixture of our living room. He watches the kids play and is a companion on those rare moments when I'm alone. Like Nanny, he's watchful, a good listener. The kids love him and enjoy his fur tickling their cheeks. I think of him as Nanny's window into our lives and a symbol of her enduring love.

Looking into the sky on a clear night, my son tells us Nanny looks at him from the stars, and sometimes speaks to him in his dreams. I'm not so fortunate, but I enjoy sharing with my children the symbol of the little brown bear.

I'm thankful I knew this woman, and grateful for the wisdom of my sister-in-law, amidst her grief. I so appreciate the talents of Annie, another relative, who made these beautiful bears. Good-bye, Nanny. Keep twinkling. ■

Out of the past



Cowichan Bay Farm specializes in raising and preserving rare breeds.

By Wayne Schmalz

If it weren't for the minivan parked in front of the house, you might think you had entered another era. Situated around the farmyard are buildings constructed of weathered cedar and tin roofs, their shape and character speaking of an earlier time.

In the cow barn, a cable-mounted carriage for carrying manure clearly predates tractors with front-end loaders and today's automated removal systems.

Hanging on the walls of the tool shed are various implements that come from a pre-mechanized time, when much of the work on a farm was done by hand. And in the distance, just beyond the pig barn and smokehouse, are animals that come from other continents and other centuries.

Cowichan Bay Farm, which is located a few kilometres south of Duncan on Vancouver Island, is somewhat unique in that its own preserved past is home to a number of heritage breeds

of animals that are rare or facing extinction. The current owners, Fiona and Lyle Young, have diligently maintained the yard and buildings in their original form and have populated their 38-acre holding with Dexter Irish cattle, Navajo-Churro sheep and St. Clemente goats. Given the farm's extended history, it seems appropriate that these rare animals be given a chance to restore themselves here.

The Kingscote family created the farm in the early 1900s. By the 1930s, it was one of the largest piggeries on Vancouver Island, supplying customers as far north as Alaska and as far south as California. Later it was converted into a dairy farm, which it remained until the early 1980s. When Lyle's grandmother died in 1986, there was no one from the next generation in a position to carry on with the farm. Some of the acreage had been zoned residential and there was a good possibility that much of it could end up being subdivided and sold as lots.

Lyle, who grew up in North Vancouver and studied art at the Emily Carr Institute, had visited the farm periodi-

cally as a child and developed a strong feeling for it. Although he didn't have any practical farming experience, he wanted to keep the farm in the family. So he arranged to buy it.

His first efforts at farming were not very successful. Acting on advice from his neighbors, he began raising calves for veal. But because he allowed the calves to graze on grass, the meat was too dark and he had few sales. Eventually he disposed of most of the herd.

By this time he had met Fiona, who had studied agriculture at the University of British Columbia and who had greenhouse experience. It was during a trip to England in 1991 that they learned about rare breeds of farm animals. At that point, says Fiona, everything clicked for them.

"That's when we knew what we wanted to do. Preserving rare breeds coincided with our interest in preserving the farm as it used to be. It was something positive we could do on a small scale."

That year they bought their first heritage animals—Dexter Irish cattle. It's

not certain where the breed originated but there is speculation that this hardy animal roamed northeastern Europe when the British Isles was still connected to mainland Europe.

In more recent times, Dexter cattle were raised by Irish freeholders on harsh, highland areas. Even under poor grazing conditions, they survived and produced a steady supply of meat and milk. Because they are smaller than current day cattle — a mature adult weighs between 600 and 800 pounds — and because they are multi-purpose rather than specialized, their numbers have dwindled drastically.

It's precisely because of their size and their docile nature that the Youngs chose them. "Our farm is small so we needed to look for a smaller breed that ate less and that allowed us to keep more animals per acre," says Fiona. "We were looking for hardiness and thriftiness; an animal that can put on weight and still have tender meat when feeding on a grass diet. The Dexter cattle do that. We also needed animals that were easy keepers. We were both working full time off the farm so we wanted cows that could calve on their own. They usually have no birthing problems."

A year after they purchased their Dexter Irish cattle, the Youngs bought the first of their Navajo-Churro sheep. "Churro" is an anglicized Spanish word "churra" that means coarse wool. Speculation has it that the Churro are a descendent of the ancient Iberian Churra breed, which were taken to Mexico and the southwestern United States by Spanish explorers in the early 1500s. They provided Spanish soldiers and settlers with meat to eat and wool to weave into cloth. Like Dexter Irish cattle, they also thrived on marginal land and harsh climactic conditions.

The Navajo obtained these sheep in the late 17th century. In time, as the people mastered the process of spinning, dyeing and weaving the wool, the animals came to represent everything that was good in life. In addition, the

multiple-horned rams were considered sacred.

Then, in the 1930s and '40s, in an effort to prevent the overgrazing of reservation land, the U.S. government instituted a "stock reduction program." The sheep population plummeted to the point where today very few are left in the world.

Although today's weavers tend to



Fiona Young and Cortes, a 10-year-old San Clemente goat.

prefer the softer cloth of modern white sheep, there is a growing interest in the longer, coarser staple of the Navajo-Churro sheep, says Fiona. There is also an increasing interest in their low fat meat.

In 1993, the Youngs obtained one of the most endangered of all domesticated animal breeds, the San Clemente goat. Again, it's not possible to know with any certainty the precise origin of these animals, but it's thought they were brought to North America by Spanish explorers in the 1500s. They were deposited on San Clemente Island off the coast of California in order to supply fresh meat for later voyages.

They thrived on the island, reaching a population of more than 11,000 by the early 1930s. In 1934, the United States Navy took over responsibility for San Clemente and began another stock reduction program, this time in the interests of preserving endangered plants. Ironically, says Fiona, at the same time that the Navy was supposedly protecting the native habitat it was

using the island for bombing practice.

Eventually, pressure to save the goats began to build in the United States. A goat adoption program was implemented, promoting them as barnyard pets. But they were not allowed to be bred and most were neutered before being transported to their new homes. Consequently, they were not able to replace themselves. Today, there are fewer than 100 San Clemente goats left in the world. Ten of them live at Cowichan Bay Farm.

"It was because of their looks and the fact that they need to be preserved that we chose them," says Fiona.

The number of animals the Youngs keep varies from year to year, but generally they have about 10 cows, 20 ewes and six to 10 goats. Roughly half of their sales are in live animals for breeding stock; the other half are sold as meat.

In keeping with their interest in preserving heritage animals and heritage artifacts, Lyle and Fiona host visits from local

school classes studying agriculture and pioneer times. And each Father's Day weekend, the farm becomes a site for agricultural demonstrations, musical concerts and art displays that are designed to promote awareness of the area's past and encourage people to support local agriculture. The event has taken place for the last six years and usually draws more than 2,000 visitors.

"Our ultimate dream is to have the farm sustain itself," says Fiona. "Right now, our operating costs are very high. In order to maintain the buildings, one of us has to work off the farm so as to generate enough income. We'd like to get to the point that if we do work off the farm, it's because we want to, not just because we have to pay the bills."

There are no plans at the moment to expand the number of rare animals. "Eventually, we may get into horses; when our children are older and are able to look after the horses themselves. With small children, we wouldn't be able to do it right now. And it would be very costly. You need a passion for it," said Fiona. ■

Home

An old house
boards turned dark with age.

An arthritic old dog
lays on the porch
his muzzle white with time.

An old rocker
waits beside the dog,
a basket of knitting nearby.

Sheep graze serenely
on the emerald pasture,
flowers bloom
red, orange, gold.

A fly buzzes lazily about
seeking entrance to
the kitchen
where pies and buns cool.

Stepping outside the woman
pauses
her eyes squinting as she
watches the distant hills
shimmer in the heat.

Walking over to the chair
she steps around the dog
and sits down carefully
so as not to jar her old bones.

Picking up the knitting
she begins again the work
of keeping scores of grandchildren
in sweaters.

It's hot
the sky is blue
chickens scratch by the barn.

Fifty years in this spot
the house, the yard, the land.

Children came and went
a husband grew old and died here.

Now it's home.

— Eva Sartorius

Leaving

She didn't look back
when they left Touchwood's hills that morning
not for the grosmuter who baked her bread
in a clay oven outside
not for the owl-eyed kitten they'd made her leave
not for the child who could only walk
behind the wagon
kicking a clod fallen out of the gray's hoof
the wind tangled the hair no one had bothered to braid
did her grieving for her

she didn't look back
to see if he would help
just held the cracked reins and tried
to keep the barrel
from sliding off the stoneboat
wasting its half frozen load
her too-small coat
did not keep out the cold's rabid gnawing
he wore their only boots
she hurt knowing one day he would go
the wind rushed past and spooked the horse
blew bitter for her

she didn't look back
when she left the house that morning
not at the weeds that needed pulling
not at the geese who always followed
and this time were so strangely silent
and still
she could smell the baking bread
and hear the voice of her son
who had died years ago
the sound brought the wind
owl-eyed and purring
tangling its small claws
in the grass where they left her
a few stones away
from grosmuter.

— Therese Eckel

A Gift

A man whose job it was to wield
a pitchfork every day,
could hit a pile of cow manure
from twenty feet away.

He spied the mound, he eyed the ground,
he knew which one was which.
And all who witnessed it agreed
the man had perfect pitch.

— Gord Braun

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hours a day. A friend is always on the other end of the line.

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Bottled Up Inside



Cynthia Bergen, 12
Arborfield, Sask.

Bottled up inside
Are the words I never said
The notes you never read
And the feelings you never saw

The pain shows
When someone tells a lie
When you look into my eyes
And tell me not to cry

It's a brand new day
But the pain won't go away
No matter how hard I try
I break down and cry

I don't take love for granted
For I know it will soon be gone
I know you try not to
But sometimes are not able to

I know that the hurt
Won't just disappear
But I have no fear
Because everything will turn out
alright

No more thinking in past

It never seems to last
It wasn't meant to be
And I shall be set free

Kira Broeder, 13
Assiniboia, Sask.

A Dog Is . . .

A dog is four furry paws,
two bright eyes,
and a wet tongue . . .

. . . A dog is
a tail that's always moving,
an ever curious, searching nose,
and an ear cocked up
for all the sounds of the world . . .

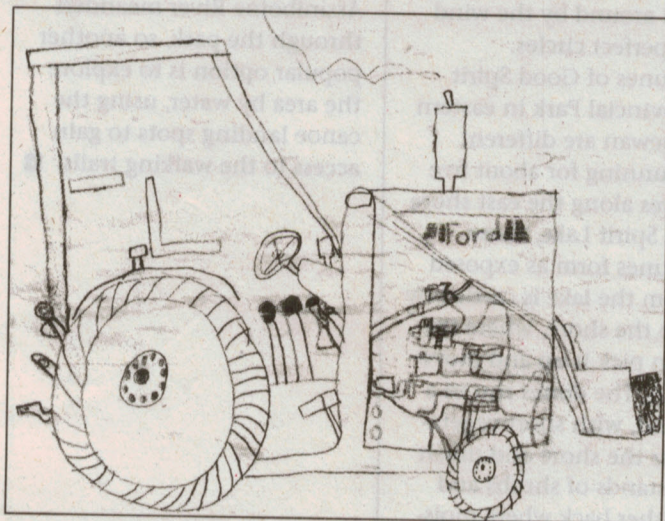
. . . A dog is
a flashing streak
of fun on the run,
and a flop-eared pooch
snoozing on a chair . . .

. . . A dog is
one enormous appetite
that never quite gets enough,
and perfect contentment
crunching on a bone . . .

. . . A dog is
a dirt-slinging digger,
a fun-living clown,
a sad-eyed bundle of sympathy. . .

. . . and every dog is born to be
somebody's friend!

Kelcey Harasen, 12
Wroxton, Sask.



Joseph Whitely, 6
Goderich, Ont.



Elaine Sanders, 9
Altamont, Man.

THE SANDS OF SUMMER

By Robin and Arlene Karpan

Sand dunes are among the more intriguing parts of the prairie landscape. They are surprising, desert-like islands in a sea of grassland, farmland and parkland. Here are a few easily accessible dunes for summer exploring.

The Great Sand Hills of southwestern Saskatchewan are located between the South Saskatchewan River and the Trans Canada Highway. Covering more than 1,900 square kilometres, most of the sand in this vast area has been stabilized, with plants such as sage, willow and native grasses helping to keep the sand from blowing.

While the land is used primarily for pasture, there are a few spectacular active dunes that are easy to get to. The most direct access is from Sceptre on Highway No. 32, where you take the first road on the west end of town and drive about 13 kilometres straight south to the dunes. Rising as high as 20 metres from the surrounding terrain, the dunes are startling. In more stable areas, less susceptible to the strong northwesterly winds, the sand has been packed hard. Where the wind catches the sand and blows it around, it is powdery fine and soft, dropping over the steep slipface close to the road.

Douglas Provincial Park on the east shore of Lake Diefenbaker offers a different type of dune field. These dunes were formed when streams and rivers carrying glacial melt-

water deposited sand and other sediment in a delta. When the waterways dried, large areas were exposed to the ravages of the wind that continues to rework the sand.

The Dunes Nature Centre in the park should be your first stop. Here you can find out more about how the dunes

came to be, features of the sandy environment, and plants and animals you might see. The Cacti Trail, a six kilometre loop starting at the nature centre, will take you to the dunes. Unlike the Great Sand Hills with its huge walls

of white sand, these dunes are hummocky mounds of browner sand contained in a large dune field. You can see large blowouts where the wind has carried away the surface sand, leaving deep depressions, trees with exposed roots above the ground and shrubs partially buried by moving sand. Watch for sand circles, where thin blades of grass have been whipped around by the wind to form perfect circles.

The dunes of Good Spirit Lake Provincial Park in eastern Saskatchewan are different again. Running for about five kilometres along the east shore of Good Spirit Lake, these beach dunes form as exposed sand from the lake is carried by waves to the shore, where the wind can pick it up and move it around. The dunes run in a wide band, with short vegetation near the shore and much thicker stands of shrubs and trees farther back where moisture is caught between the ridges.

Starting at the main beach in the park, an easy walk on the packed sand along the lakeshore takes you to the dunes; there are no marked trails. When we stopped at the park this summer, we noticed a dramatic change since our last visit two years ago. Since the level of the shallow lake was remarkably lower, much more sand was exposed in wide bars. Pools of water trapped between sandbars formed attractive patterns. New formations were being created as the wind and waves gradually pushed the drier sand into distinct ridges.

Manitoba's most impressive dunes are the Spirit Sands of Spruce Woods Provincial Park near Carberry. Dating to the retreat of the glaciers, active dunes tower 30 metres over surrounding prairie. A network of well-marked hiking trails takes you through dunes, spruce forest, and one of Manitoba's best examples of mixed grass prairie. One trail leads to the Devil's Punch Bowl, a strange, colorful pond formed by underground streams. The Assiniboine River meanders through the park, so another popular option is to explore the area by water, using the canoe landing spots to gain access to the walking trails. ■



**Sand dunes at
Douglas
Provincial Park
on the shore
of Lake
Diefenbaker.**

APHIDS GALORE, PART 1

By Sara Williams

"Entomologists estimate that, if all the descendants of a single aphid lived and reproduced, there would be over five billion by the end of the summer" — Anna Carr, *Rodale's Color Handbook of Garden Insects*, 1979.

Thankfully, many aphids meet an untimely demise through inclement weather and predation, but there are still plenty to go around. Gardeners simply want them to leave, but some things won't go away, and with our lingering cool weather, this has been a productive year for aphids on the prairies.

Also called plant lice, and sometimes aphis, they are soft-bodied, pear-shaped insects less than two millimetres long. Generally pale green, they may also be pink, black, brown or yellow. Adults may be winged or wingless. They have a pair of tubes called cornicles at the end of their abdomen with which they spray a waxy fluid at enemies. Their mouth parts form a hollow beak called the rostrum, containing four needle-sharp stylets that pierce plant tissue, allowing the sap to be sucked out. From their anus they secrete excess plant sap (euphemistically known as "honeydew") that is rich in sugars, attracting ants and providing a medium for the growth of fungus such as sooty mold. The honeydew provides a free lunch for ants and they are often present in a symbiotic relationship with aphids.



Aphids' mouth parts pierce plant tissue, allowing the sap to be sucked out.

The reproductive ability of aphids runs circles around rabbits, allowing them to build up enormous populations within a relatively short period.

Females can reproduce with or without mating, can give birth live or through eggs, and seldom have need of males. They overwinter as small eggs within a hard exterior casing, attached to a stem of their

plant host near an embryonic leaf bud. When the nymphs hatch the following spring, food is on the table. It takes approximately the same amount of "heat units" to hatch the eggs as it does to stimulate

leaf development.

The newly hatched nymphs are females and continue to give birth to successive generations of females, as many as 20 or 30 within a summer. Once a plant becomes over-crowded, winged females develop, flying to other host plants in the vicinity to initiate new colonies. While some aphids feed on only one host plant, others need two different host plants in order to complete their life cycle.

As fall weather approaches, male aphids with wings are produced. These mate with the females that lay the overwintering eggs. The good news? The adult aphids, unlike their eggs, cannot survive prairie winters except on plants in greenhouses or within buildings.

Aphids make their living by piercing and sucking sap from plant parts: stems, leaves, flowers, fruit and roots—even bark in some cases. Their feeding

severely reduces the sap within plants. Severely infested annuals may wilt and die. Feeding also causes abnormal plant growth such as the curling and swelling of leaves, gall formation on stems and leaves, and wilting and drop of flowers.

As if this damage weren't enough, aphids act as vectors as they feed, transmitting fungal and viral diseases from one plant to another. Although most aphid species have a particular host and produce characteristic symptoms on that host, as a group they generally feed on the undersides of leaves and the more tender new growth. ■

PEANUTS Classics



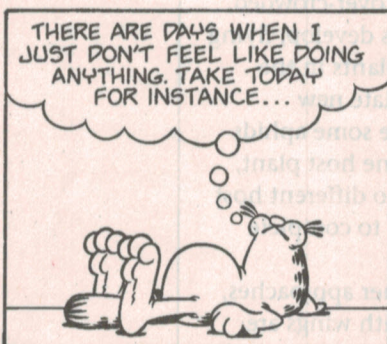
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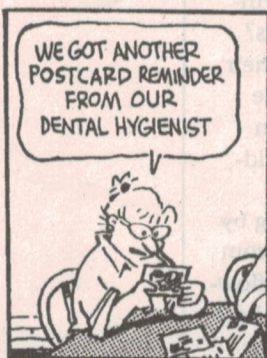
For BETTER or for WORSE



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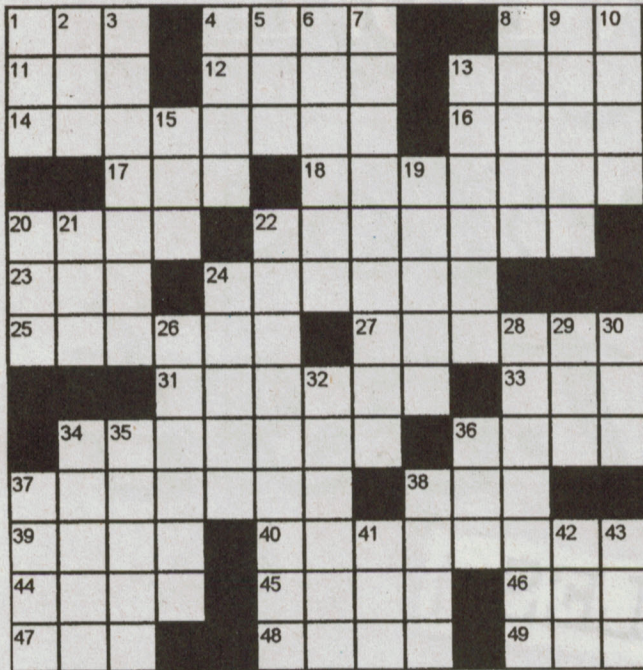


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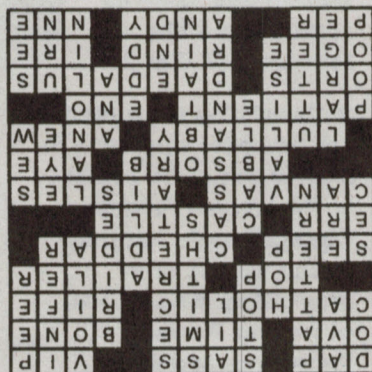


Canadian Criss Cross

by Walter D. Feener



- ACROSS**
1. Fish with bait on the surface
 4. Singer Jordan
 8. Somebody
 11. Eggs
 12. Use a stopwatch
 13. Skeleton part
 14. Universal
 16. Abundant
 17. Shirt
 18. Movie preview
 20. Trickle
 22. Hard cheese
 23. Make mistakes
 24. King's home
 25. Oil painting
 27. Supermarket section
 31. Assimilate
 33. Response to a nautical command
 34. Cradlesong
 36. Over again
 37. Able to wait calmly for
 38. "The Joshua Tree" producer
 39. Food fragments
 40. Labyrinth builder
 44. S-shaped molding
 45. Watermelon covering
- DOWN**
1. Wyatt Earp's friend
 2. Actress Gardner
 3. Decorative design
 4. Discontinue
 5. Be in poor health
 6. Metalworkers
 7. Amanuensis
 8. There!
 9. Deduce
 10. Squint
 13. Honeymooners
 15. School dance
 19. Extemporize
 20. Dry, as wine
 21. Period of time
 22. Singer Vasik
 24. Wire rope
 26. Traveling bag
 28. Wool grease
 29. Attentive look
 30. Fasten by stitches
 32. Procure
 34. T-shirt size
 35. Speak
 36. Memorable saying
 37. Kind of deck
 38. Singer Arnold
 41. Football lineman
 42. Coffee brewer
 43. Recognize
 46. Wrath
 47. Through
 48. Artist Warhol
 49. Compass point



MAILBOX

Listings are free but only run once. Please be brief. Issues are prepared three weeks in advance of publication date. Send info to: Mailbox, Western People, Box 2500, Saskatoon S7N 2C4.

Carnduff Historical Society has published a second edition of the history book *Echoes of the Stake*. \$65 plus \$8 shipping and handling per book. Contact: Teresa, 306-482-3863 or write: Box 242, Carnduff, Sask. S0C 0S0 or call Annette, 306-482-3300.

Ten Dollars and a Dream — History of Beaton Ck, Brissen, Graven Lk, Dixonville, Golden Ridge, Grayling Ck, Hazel and Silver Hills. \$25 includes GST and postage. Contact: Mrs. J. Hitz, Box 154, Dixonville, Alta. T0H 1E0 or Jena Mart, Box 36, Dixonville, Alta. T0H 1E0.

Buried Treasures II — History of Elnora and Pine Lake districts in central Alberta. \$45 per copy. Please contact: Ellen Jewell, Box 534, Elnora, Alta. T0M 0Y0, 403-773-2127 or Margaret Hughes, Box 567, Elnora, Alta. T0M 0Y0, 403-773-2277.

A Place to Call Home — Clyde history book, will be launched July 29, 2000, Clyde Complex. Contact: Darcy Rau, Box 95, Clyde, Alta. T0G 0P0, 780-348-5774.

Wanted: Music sheet songs: The Last Waltz, Old Log Cabin For Sale, Peace River Waltz, Alberta Waltz, I'll Hold You In My Arms, Houston Waltz, The May I Waltz, Dusty Old Farmer. — Yolande Gorrill, 950 — 9th Avenue N.E., Swift Current, Sask. S9H 2S9.

Wanted: Train ornaments that are to hang on a Christmas tree. Please write first with cost and description. — Wendy Sherlock, Box 144, Maymont, Sask. S0M 1T0.

Wanted: Uncle Arthur's bedtime story books. Any or all of the set of 1-20. Please write: Rachelle Hiebert, Box 126, Rosenort, Man. R0G 1W0, phone/fax: 204-746-8248.

Where Past is Present — Maple Creek and area history book covering the town of Maple Creek and school districts of Kincoth, Summerset, Royal Edward, Motherwell, Gal-loway, MacKay Creek, Arbana, Economy, Smithfield, Hay Creek, Downy Lake and Cypress Hills. \$85 for the two volume set, plus \$6 postage in Canada, \$14 (Can.) to the USA. Please contact: Box 939, Maple Creek, Sask. S0N 1N0, 306-662-3463.

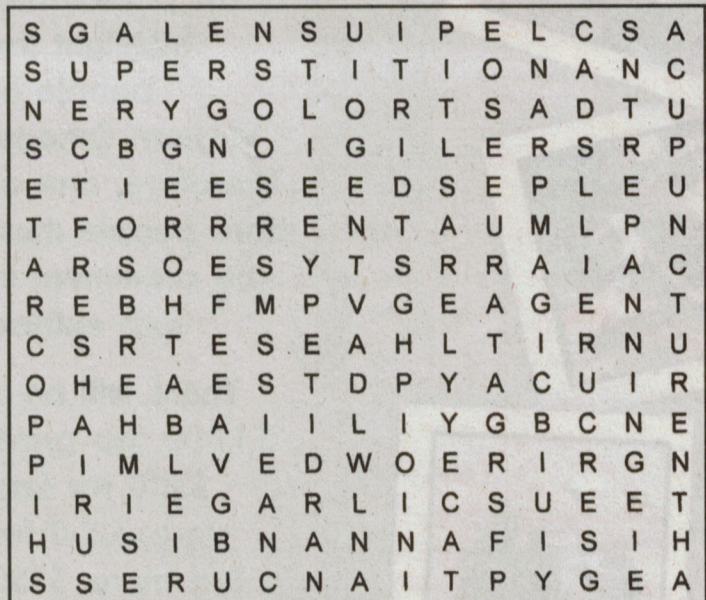
Wanted: Lines to poem published in Enarco Oil Calendar 1920s: "She's plump and fair with golden hair, A face serene and sunny, She's worth to me a lot you see, She helps me earn my money." — Margaret Wootton, Box 56118, Langley, B.C. V3A 8B3.

Wanted: Book, 2000 Place Names of Alberta by Eric J. Holmgren and Patricia Holmgren, published by Modern Press, Saskatoon, Sask. 1972. — Gregory Pelz, Box 155, Hay Lakes, Alta. T0B 1W0, 780-672-7247.

EARLY MEDICINE

Word Find puzzle
by Janice M. Peterson

When all the words in the list have been found, the letters left over will spell the solution.



Acupuncture
Andreas
Vesalius
Asclepius
Astrology
Bath
Coltsfoot
Cure Ills
Diet
Ebers Papyrus
Egyptian Cures
Fresh Air

Galen
Garlic
Herbal
Herbs
Hippocrates
Hygieia
Ibn-an-Nafis
Magic
Purgatives
Religion
Remedies
Seeds

Superstition
Surgery
Trepanning
Wise

Solution
(16 letters):

Ancient
treatment

WESTERN PEOPLE Photo Contest

THE RULES:

TO ENTER:

We're looking for photos that highlight the people of Western Canada. Therefore, one or more people must be prominent in your entries.

There will be a \$1,000 top prize, \$500 for 2nd place, \$250 for 3rd place, \$150 for 4th place and \$100 for 5th.

Winners will be announced in October and their photos featured in Western People

Enter today!

* Photos must be recent (taken between Jan. '98 and the present) and must include the photographer's name, telephone number and mailing address as well as information about the subject. No more than three entries per photographer. Entrants' income from photography must not exceed 25% of total income.

* Prints or slides are acceptable in black and white or color formats.

* Photos will not be returned unless accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped envelope. Send to Western People Photo Contest, Box 2500, Saskatoon, SK S7K 2C4.

* By entering this contest, entrants grant permission for their photos to be published in The Western Producer/Western People and used on our website or in promotional material. Staff of Western Producer Publications and their immediate family members are ineligible.

Entries must
be received by
Aug. 31,
2000

